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The Last Issue?

1992

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1990

1989

1988

1987

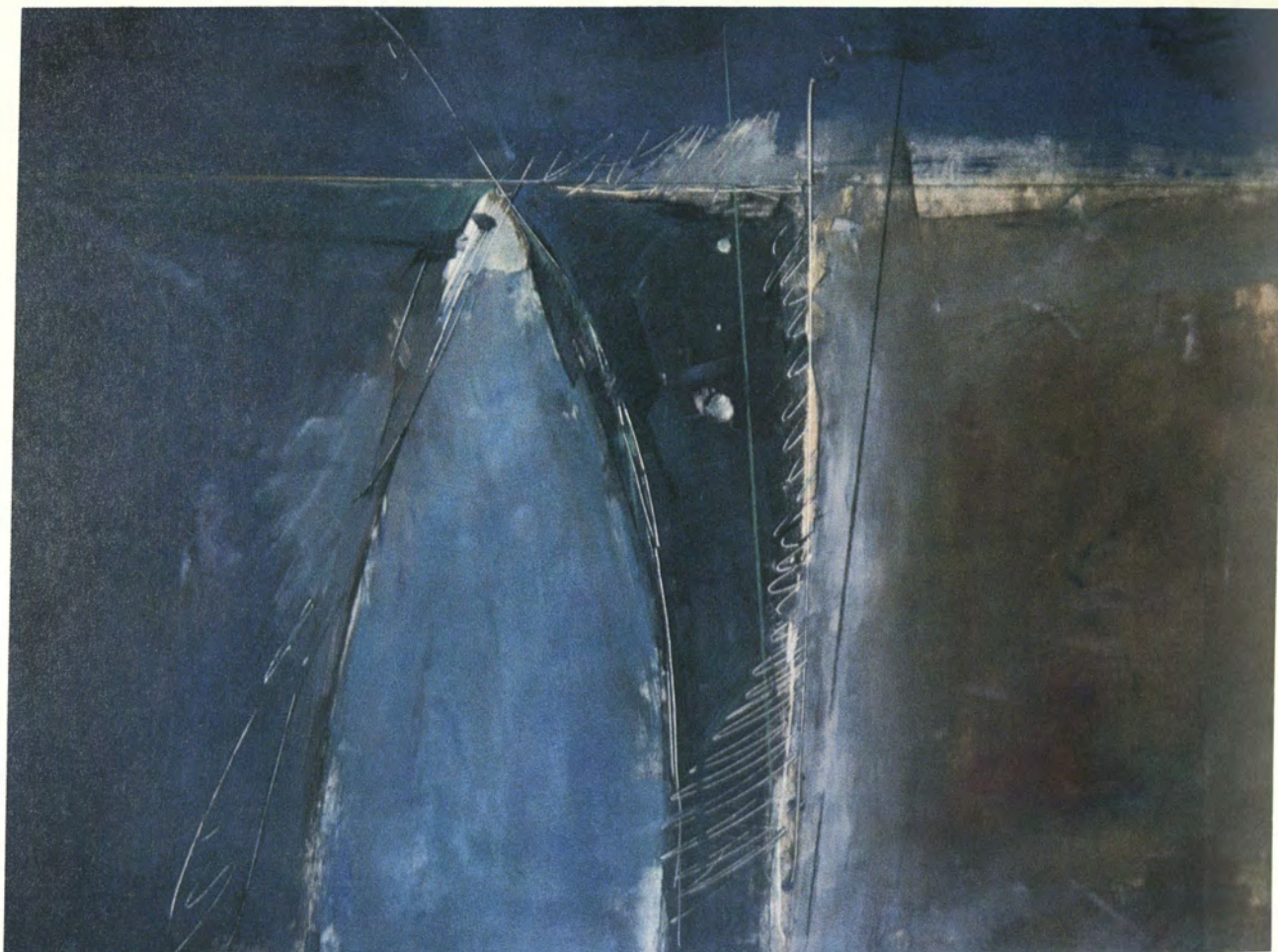
1986

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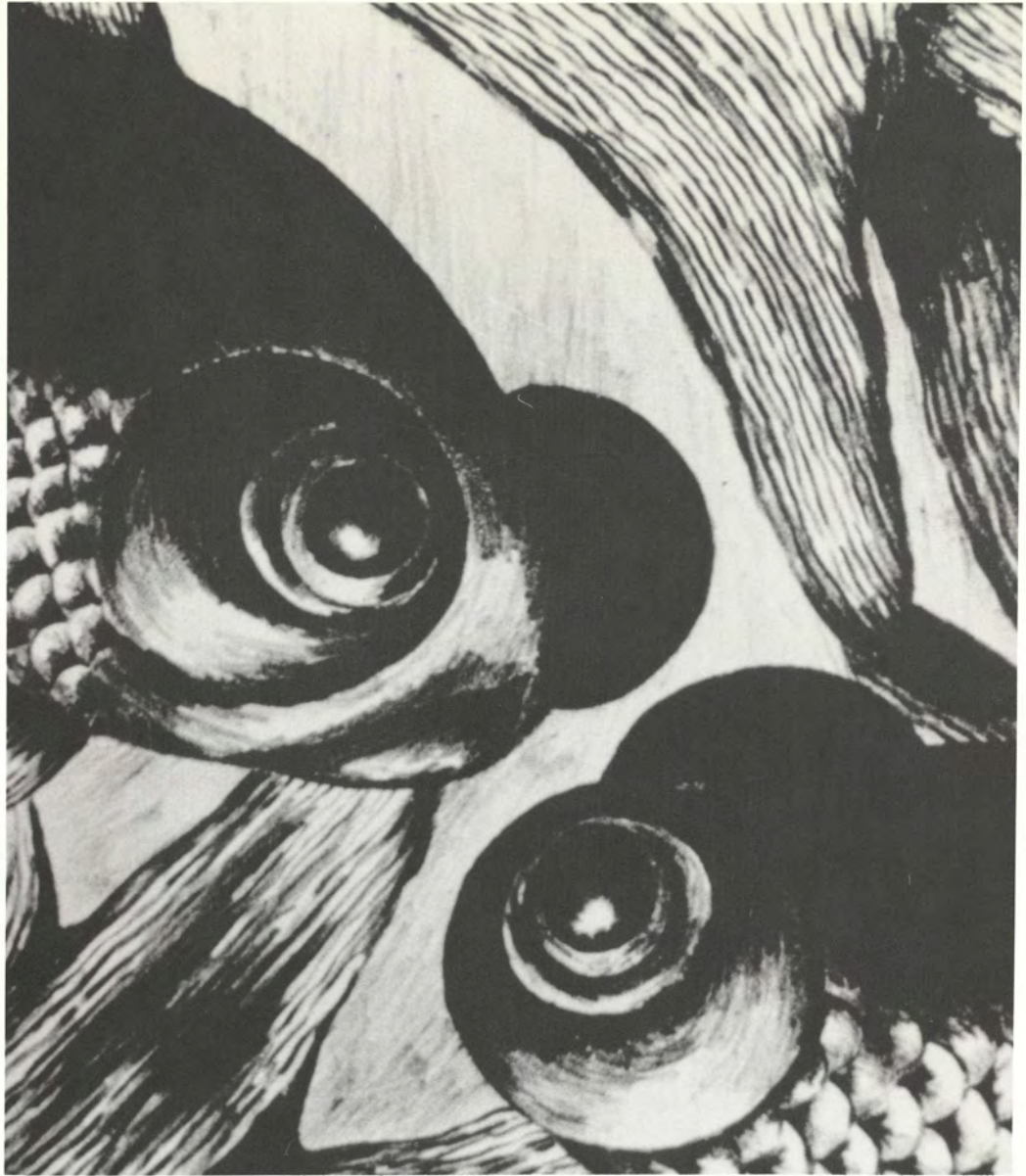
In Memory of Mr. Todd Zeiss

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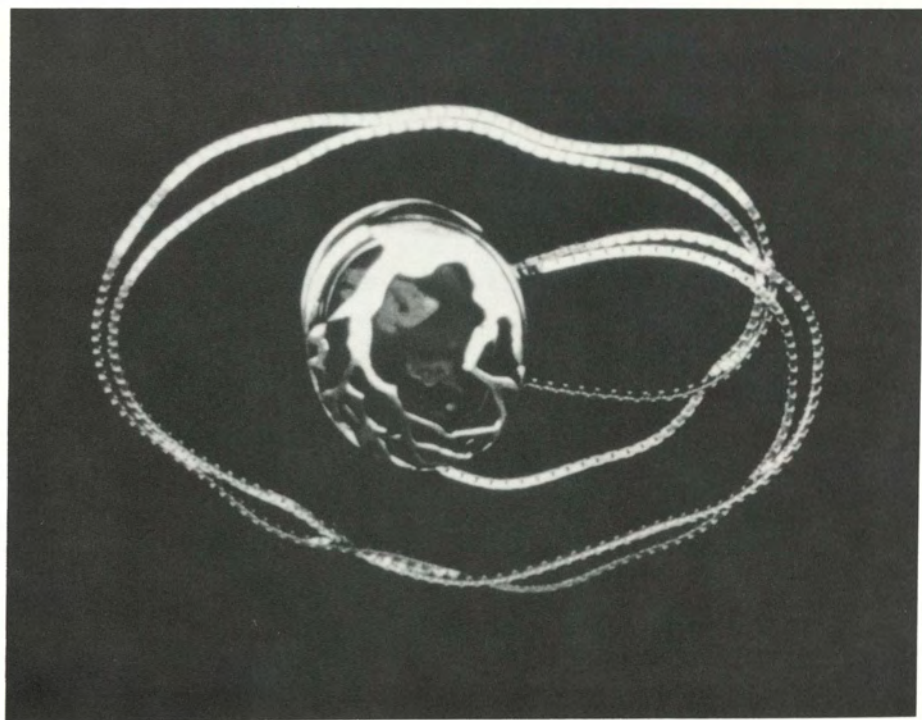
Untitled
Charles Goolsby
Oil



Sprocket's Nightmare
Jennifer Hackett
Lithoprint



Untitled
Alexis Parrish
Cibachrome



Untitled
Brad White
Gelatin-Silver Print

BEATING OF A YOUNG HEART

A lonely little boy is sleeping
in a hole
 in a hill
 in a quiet cemetery
 in a nasty little town.

Although it was his hand that did the final deed,
It was their hate
That guided the gun.

On a long day
(which couldn't have been *real*)
They laid him to rest
As I stood by,
Weeping for...

As the echoes of the gunshot
Played hollowly in my heart,
No one else even
 flinched.
The murmurs and the rumors and the mumbling
Never skipped a beat
As the beating of a young heart
 ceased.

Perhaps life is like a dream —
The sense of it is not revealed
Until it is over.

I hope he understands.

— Torrey Weiss

BLINDNESS

The door closes. You're alone.
It's over, but you remember
she had long, white, debutante gloves.

Earrings and Evelyn,
jade and jaded: a double feature
you watched with two faces.
Salt tears sear your eyes shut
because you wished you hadn't.
CHANGE! and STOP!

feeling guilty: nervous
...take Tagament with Evian,
collapse on clean sheets,
and IMAGINE something different.
An abstraction or invention:

A high-contrast scene
of a naked torso,
of breasts pasteurized,
of slate grey buildings
outside of foreign window.
Of dialogue unintelligible
with tones impersonal,
and sickly warmth from vulgar lips.

Mute your screams of self-hatred
and CONTINUE
thinking in Mitty affects
of Coolige effects,
until they converge and rocket
from your mindmember in a breathless rush

...leaving you alone
to count the asexual seconds
before reason's gone and regret returns.

Savor that isolated moment
of clarity, cold, cubed and rarified,
when you're an honest person. Nearly clean.
Almost good...

Timpani thuds resound in your ears; mocking
the previous pace; warning you
of the putrefactive molecules which will soon seep
in.

You wince and wish
Lancolm would create and bottle a mental astrin-
gent
to make permanent the temporary job, just fin-
ished
with the tissue in your left hand.

Fatigue intervenes, and the bedside l.e.d. blurs,
leaving you in ephemeral fetal innocence,
ALONE in the sanctuary of sleep.

— Garrett Pickney

CESSNA 152

To fly
he said and I ran towards the moon
only to be pinned back
by hearts which raped my soul
and called it love.

— Erika Anne Porter

MOUNDS

Perfect, perfect, perfect she thought,
playing leap frog with the
chocolate in her mouth.
She let the brown goo slide
creamily

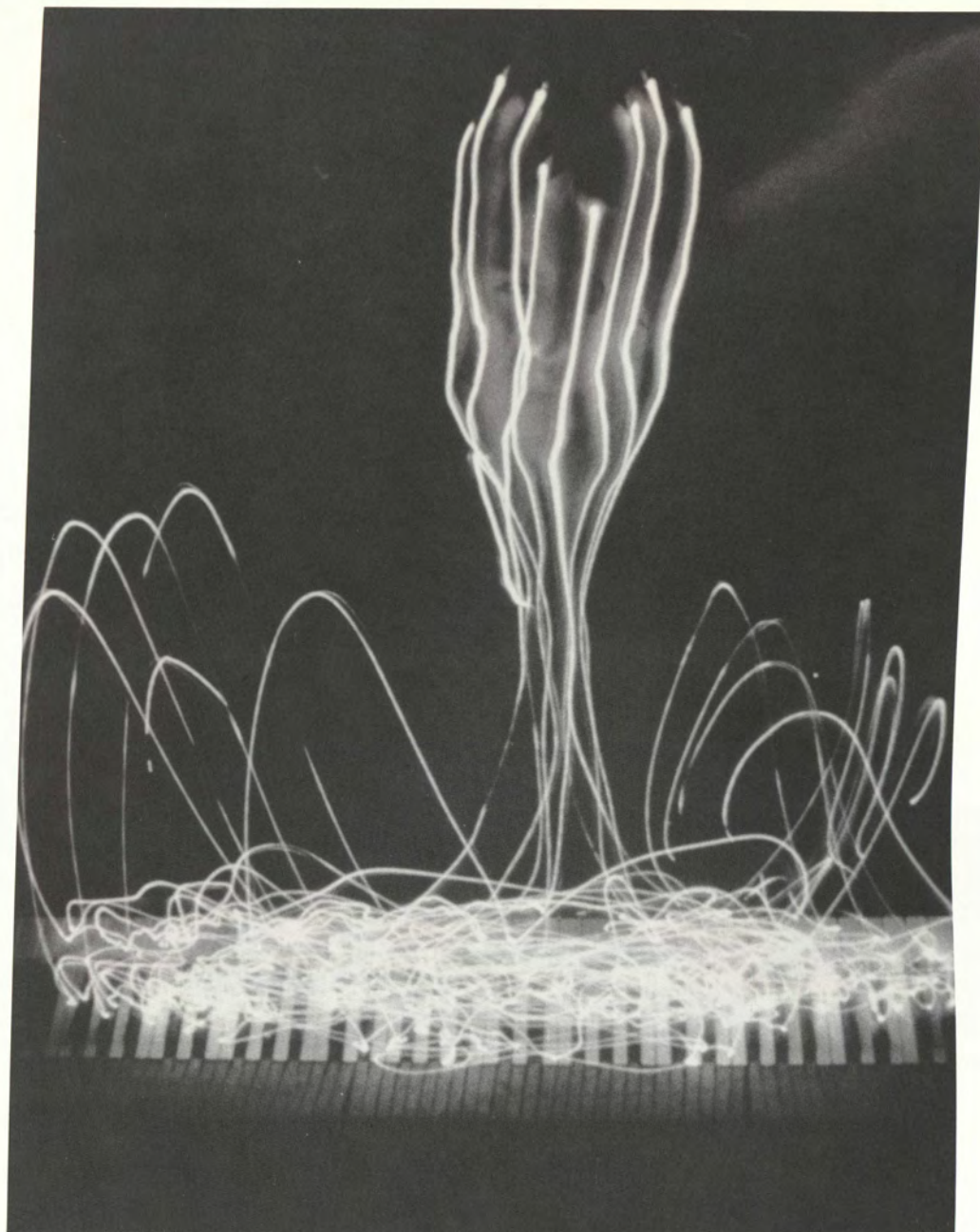
out between her slightly
less-than-attractive teeth,
Coconut rice coated the roof of her mouth,
and she sucked
with all her might at it,
extracting every last morsel of chocolate it could produce.
Then she turned and spat out
the juicy wad.
It joined several of its formerly brown friends
on a sheet of wax paper;
she rolled the group together to form
a conglomerate coconut cocophony.
It went down smoothly.
Perfect, she thought.

— Bree Galvin

CUT IN HALF

One laugh
And a screech
Lights tumble and collide on the rain-slicked
pavement
And a crash
One scream.
I only remember it
It means nothing
If there was no steam
I could believe it.
If there were less black smoke from the wheels
Less choking rubber stench
Connect
Curing my memory and making it hard
I could feel it.
If there were less blood with the rain
Streaking my face
The concrete my brain
Less pooling around my feet
If my brain were not soaked
I could believe it.
I only remember it It means nothing.
Remembering and believing
No, not the same, no
The scream of the brakes No
The upside-down shock
The screech of a voice
Yours or mine
Remember
Severs me from feeling
Ties me down to memory
(That word is too soft,
Too much like your hands
Not sharp enough
Not enough like your skull, yes, yours, cracking the curb
Not enough like a wire fence.)
I visualize it only in flashes
Believe
Like a home movie
Of someone I don't know
Of someone else
Not you not me
On the road standing silent
Cut in half cut in half
Dream
It was not
You.

— Gary Hicks



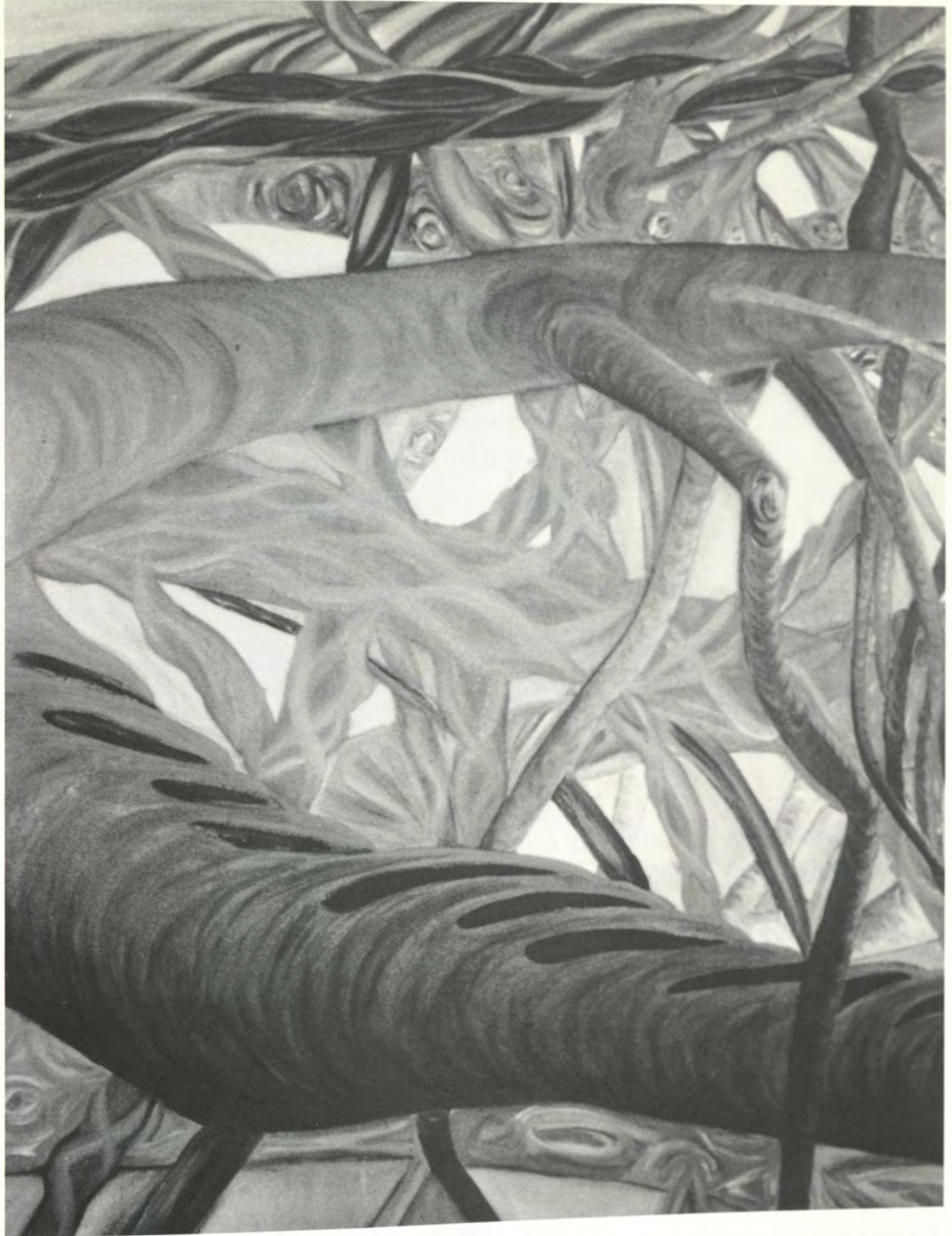
Type C
Ken Bell
Cibachrome



Untitled
Michelle Wee
Gelatin-Silver Print



Untitled Nude
Ken Buraker
Pastel and Ink



Untitled
Keely Machey
Oil

JEFFREY DAHMER ASKS SOMEONE OVER FOR A DRINK

The gray that runs down your face does not hide your want,
as skin tender to your touch
Flinches at the thought of rape
And screams at your forwardness
Because this poor soul has never dreamed
Of being touched as it is now.

It cowers under your frail saw-toothed power
And reels at the sight of old blood
and smell of rotting flesh and stale Lysol.
But you smile unassumingly, cutting into the scalp
To grab the brain to your mouth
even before it stops thinking.

— Stuart Gunter

LOVE POEM IN BLUE

Warning:

*Intentional misuse by deliberately
concentrating and inhaling may be harmful.*

Take any cylinder of spray-paint —
Regal Blue or Baby Blue, Krylon or Varathane,
brews of Ketones, Alcohols, and Xylene.
disregard the danger of this exercise
and do as they do, disregard the warnings.

Imagine yourself kin with ghost writers,
spray blue **I Love You** graffiti everywhere,
for travelers racing down the heavy road —
high on the alter of an overpass,
bodies stiff on plastic wheels below,
each motor whistling the birth of wind noise,
ghost writers' hearts beating fiercely,
ready to begin.

— Niko Kyriopoulos

FATHER'S DAY

Get me a...
Throw me that
 (box of hard pretzels)
and hurry up, I'm
 Watching (you) the boxing match.
I'm driving, I'm not
 (a real father) DRUNK.
Get me... (outta' here)
 a Pabst.
Don't you talk to me that
 way, (what's your name) Bree!
Get... (away from me) your mother to
 do it.
You don't need (me) a
 new bike, I NEVER
 had a new bike.
I NEVER (loved you)
 had what you have.

— Bree Galvin

FIRST EMBRACE...

...and...
 and....
 and.....
 and.....
 and, And.....
 And i
think i'm
addicted.

— a.m. Pasternac

DROWNING IN THE OCEAN

Within the fear of love
lies a lonely room.
Cracks in marble faces
hide the only truths.
Pressing for an answer
conceals it only more,
I can scarcely stand the pain
of someone banging at the door.

Within the fear of love
I lay naked in my sleep,
Flesh pressed against the flesh
makes the soul to heart too weak.

Within your fear of love
My sorrow's locked away.
Along with toys of envy
hope's left open for decay.
No other now can reach it
I will not let them try,
Plastered dreams done over
for someone else's eyes.

Within my fear of love
Shadowed tears ride the tide.
The curse of this bitter ocean
is that we love to feel the pain
With the ebb of this emotion
we beg to drown again.

— Elaine Schoka

FIRST FALL

Stiff fingers vice-clenched to the wing,
Feet free-flapping through crystal mist.
I look into,
Through
his smiling eyes,
He signals with a Khadafi grin to
Let go — let it all go.
The static line pulls the cord
Maybe
Tied Suicide.

Four thousand feet, twenty-six seconds to
impact
without a chute.
Divers call those
Crimson craters.

Release.
I am newborn
Infant stretching helpless arms
Crying aloud to empty air.

I am a bomb,
A fleck of dust
Grasping last air,
I am

Alone.

Jerked like a yo-yo
Hoisted by the crotch,
Overhead, nylon flaps and burps safe irrever-
ence.

Eyes tear to cold silent wind.
I am awake
But lost.

Hanging from a saving noose,
Treading the air
Like a cat in a swimming pool,
A porpoise prong hooked and ripped from his
sea.

But the fear warms me,
Tickles some lost nerve.
I've not come this far to writhe as a child in the
dark.

I will take this time
And make it my own.
I have tasted the sky
Like the sweet icing on a wedding cake,
And I am a hungry groom.

— Steve Fowler



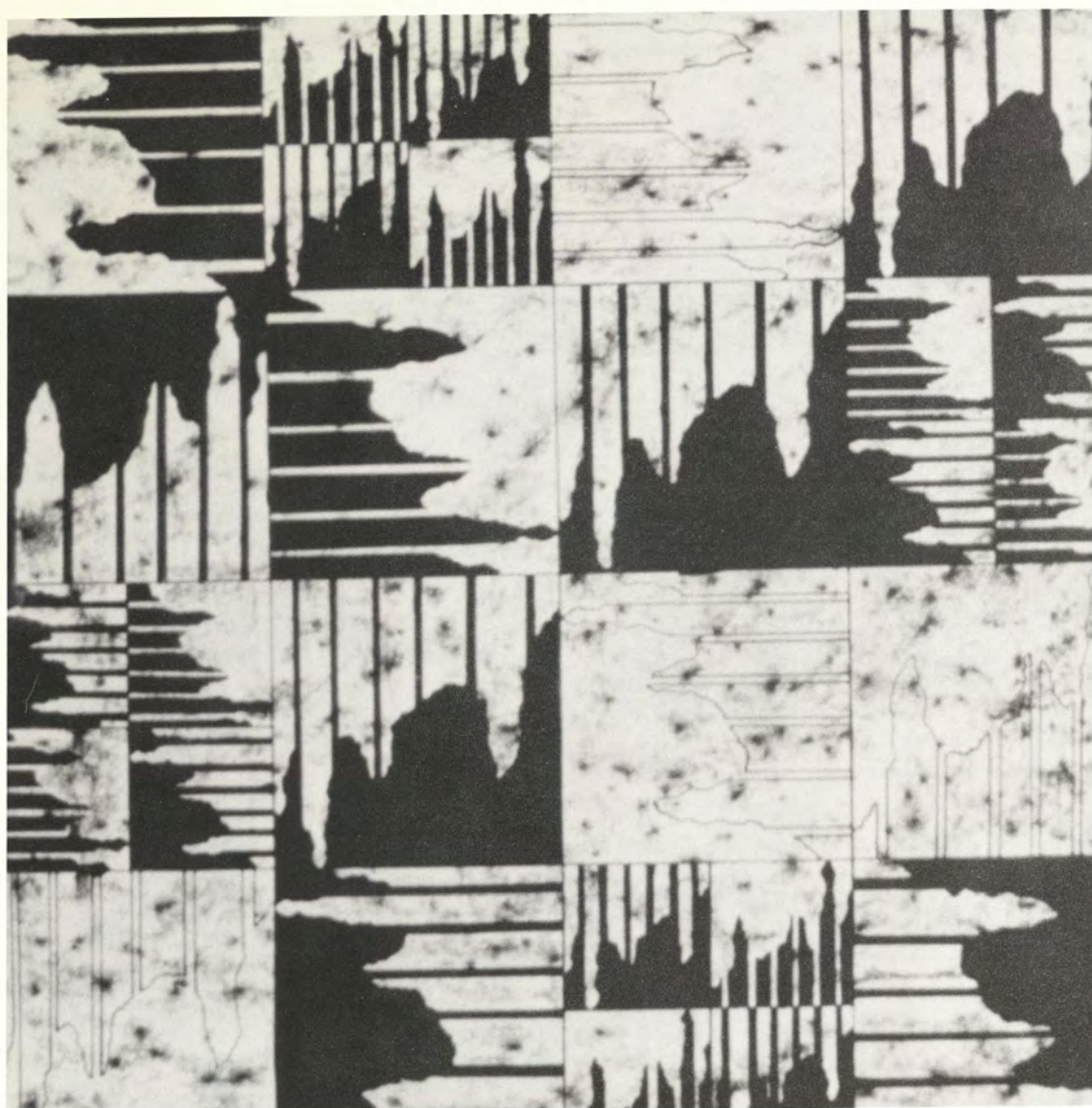
Untitled
Brad White
Gelatin-Silver Print

Sinkscape
Jeff Stockberger
Oil





Untitled Nude
Ken Buraker
Charcoal and Ink



Untitled
Cheryl Benson
Ink

THE FOREBODING

Lick
(just once)
the lollipop

Taste
(for a second)
the sugar

Suck
(only briefly)
the stickiness

Remember
(no other choice)
the bliss.

— Truly Herbert

ON THE PORCH

The rain slithered down
the concrete
on the Porch
it splashed
in a big Pool
we wiggled our toes in it
as we sat on the cold cement

surrounded by heavy scents
in the midst of thick air
we wiggled and giggled
until the Sun came out

It dried our faces
It dried our toes
It dried the concrete where we sat

And I wished once again for the rain.

— Heather Lundy

LIQUIFIED RELEASE

Dragging to my stale office,
Throbbing temples, sagging sunken eyes
Greet the same secretaries over and over,
Again and again with the same stale smile.
I pass the break room with a grimace, ruefully inhaling
Marlboros and menthol lights,
Cheap colognes and hot air.
A solemn IBM drapes gray printer paper to the floor like soiled
sheets.

I see the Pacific through filmed windows,
Chopping in its rhythm peace.

I see.
Exploding through the window, a body
My body.
The old head pops off like a champagne cork
Fizzling the release.

I dive.
I come alive
in the warm blue with its
Intricate healing and soulful depth.
Salted oxygen jets through red fanned gills
Making me bubble drunk.

Diving deeper to the white reefs,
Neon anemonies wave crimson fingers of slow motion pas-
sion.
Turquoise angels, zebra damsels dart and spin,
Pivoting satellites in free fall.

The water liberates, inebriates, cleanses like a confession.
From below, the surface mirrors a reflection,
A free fish.

— Steve Fowler

NOTHING PERSONAL

"Cap'n Mark,
Never kill anything that's real."

Granddaddy Lane used to exclaim then
with the hint of a smile crossing cracked lips,

he would add, "This is a Merica!
Live life and love fully,"
His arms encompassed the earth.
Four wars, the Depression,
and forty-six years of marriage to the same
woman
taught him well.

Well, time passed
(as she's apt to do),
and under grave consequence,
Granddaddy Lane returned
his borrowed body,
but Cap'n Mark lives on.

Yet, lately, he don't feel much like the Cap'n
but a mere Shakespearean jester,
his brains tied tightly behind his back.

He grins his grin,
Dances his dance,
Even pleases a soul or two.

Serving the Queen
And burning his flames for
incence of the idle rich.

Nothing personal, Your Majesty,
You could have loved him,
but that's alright.

Stay —
Stay in your perfect world,
Free from hassle or strife.

Just to stay out of his life,
There's poems left to write,
And he will be Cap'n once more.

— Mark Foard

PERSONAL POLITICS ON CONSISTENT, FALSE, BUBBLE-GUM FRIENDLINESS
(OR SHUT UP)

Someone told me to
"Have a nice day." — Just another
distant, unconcerned,
artificial, saccharin-sweet example
of daily, generic fakery.

Maybe I don't want to.
Maybe — *just maybe* —
I've had twelve in a row
and today,
yes, today,
I want to have a bad one.
So go away — Shut up and leave me alone.

Someone — and I wouldn't remember who, *anyway* —
so kindly reminded me to
"Take care."
Yeah, as if I'll make a follow up appointment
to have my progress checked.
Thanks, doc, you silly bastard.

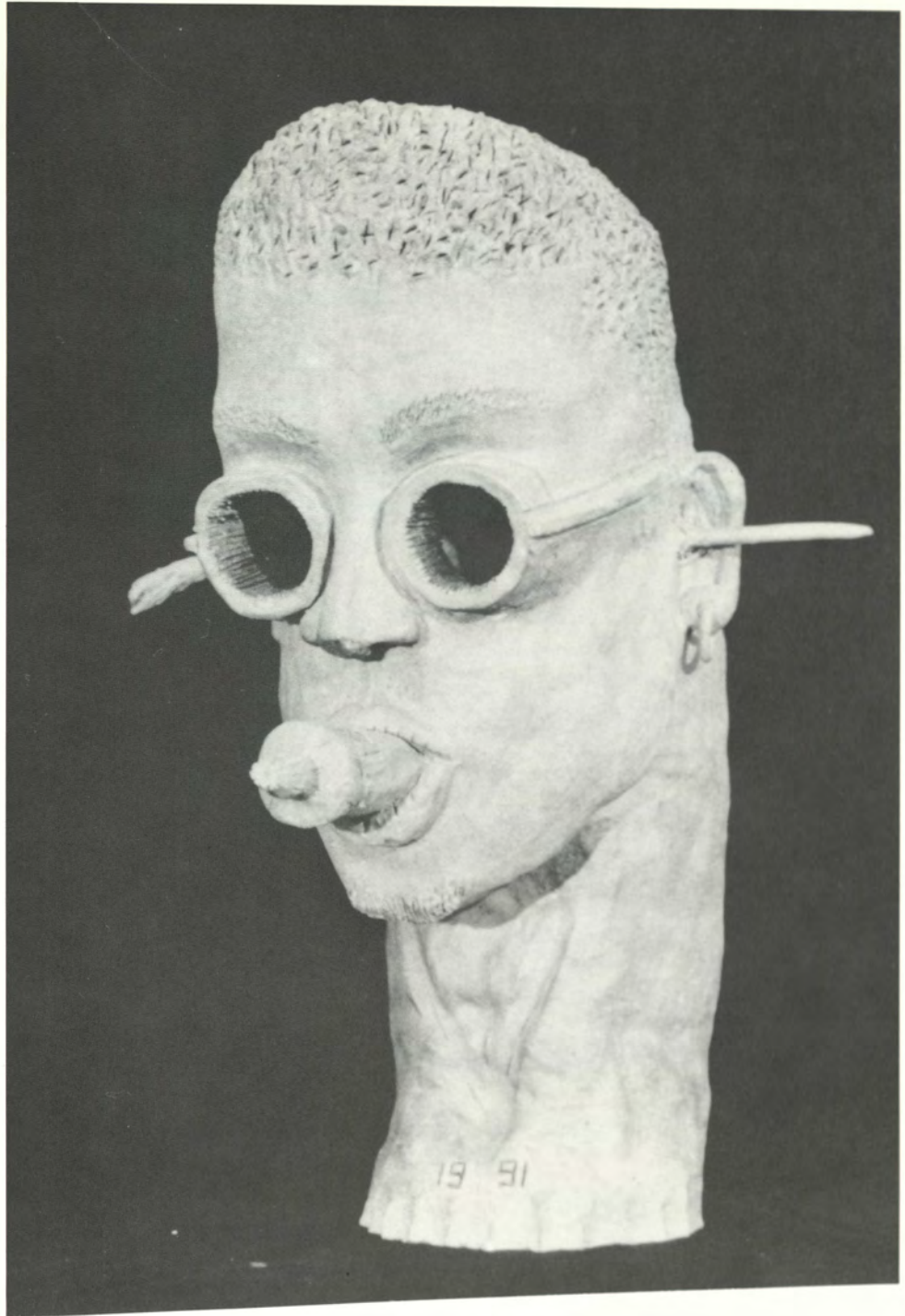
"See ya later..."
Much later. Much.
And, of course, I wouldn't, satisfied in my "evil" ways
these cynical days of mine.
No regrets at all,
thanks for asking, MOM.

Someone told me to
"Lighten up!"
So I laughed incessantly.
Does that count?
Shut up.

— a. m. Pasternac



Untitled
Jennifer Hackett
Lithoprint



Self-Portrait
Leo Barbour
Ceramic



Untitled
Gene Chianelli
Gelatin-Silver Print



Laura
Leland
Gelatin-Silver Print

THE PSYCHOPATH EXPLAINS POETRY
COMPLETELY IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES
(AFTER WATCHING SILENCE OF THE LAMBS AND
READING EMERSON'S "SELF-RELIANCE" ON THE SAME NIGHT.)

Because

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,"

write free verse, let
them try to guess what's
stewing, let
them bring out their brightest
minds and knives for it.
The boys downtown know
the easiest case to break
is the one somebody got cute with.
They worry about the one somebody
thought of in ten minutes.

Don't be cute.

No sonnets,
no couplets,

ten minutes.

Give me an hour and I'll say something very stiff, very
expired, but quickly

I could say, "Yes.

She did beg."

or

"I twisted until
it came right off."

Now that's good stuff — they'll have to
take that one to the lab, bake it with
x-rays, thinking I'm recounting the past
gories when I'm embellishing Homer,
opening peanut butter.

Homer-butter.

Now the doctor is done with the molester next door, so
I will have to eat these lines. He thinks
I am aggressing nicely, and I am, and you can, too:
in ten minute stretches, give free reign to
all the foolish little hobgoblins in your mind.

— Chris Sprouse

SIDE 2

Play your love like a record
grooved and familiar
chronicled and easy
Don't stop the song
you know all the words
putting on for her
flipping the side for me
the words spin around
sharpened needle suspecting nothing
as it separates the sounds
assuredly, never skipping in an unknown
place
never acknowledging another tune
ever expressing
your vinyl love
for both of us.

— Truly Herbert

THE UNSELFISH SHELLFISH

Shuck me
suck me
peel me
eat me
slurp me down with beer
Fry me
grill me
boil me
soil me
fill my shell with fear
Dig me
catch me
net me
wet me
pierce me with your skewer
split me
slice me
halve me
have me
broil me 'til I'm pure.

— Ashley Hatcher

TEETHBRUSHING

I drown the straight head under the spigot
smother it with mint goo
press it gently inside my wildest smile
and gyrate . . .

I close my eyes and salivate
lather from gums downward
rinse away the warm foam
reach into the recesses
hand cramping and moist
and spit . . .

I stretch my jaw
snap my wrist
scrape clean my tongue
then flood my mouth
and separate the bristles
under a rush of hot water
tantalizing
mesmerizing
revitalizing

— Laura Burke

BAD SEX

You are a pungent, rotting fruit.
A water-
melon
mealy, warm, and sticky.
Your juice is lively
as a spoiled orange,
tickling my nose hair
and my conscience.

Stuart Gunter

LOVE UNTRUE

One creamy white petal
Gently clings
To the yellow face
Of a wilting daisy.
Ping!
One creamy white petal
Floats to the ground.
He loves me not.

— Torrey Weiss

UNTITLED

She always sits in the fourth row.
She — the wrinkled lady with the
weathered garbs.
Investing in her social security
in the Sunday matinee and a bag of unsalted
popcorn (Mary Jane's hurt her rotting teeth).
She watches
Knowingly, I knod as I pass
Smiling the smile of hopeful desperation
She, too, used to turn heads,
now they turn in disgust.
Every Sunday she waits there
Waiting — possibly for love or death
or perhaps just the coming attractions.
Religiously waiting,
She — the lady in the fourth row —
alone.

— Mark Foard



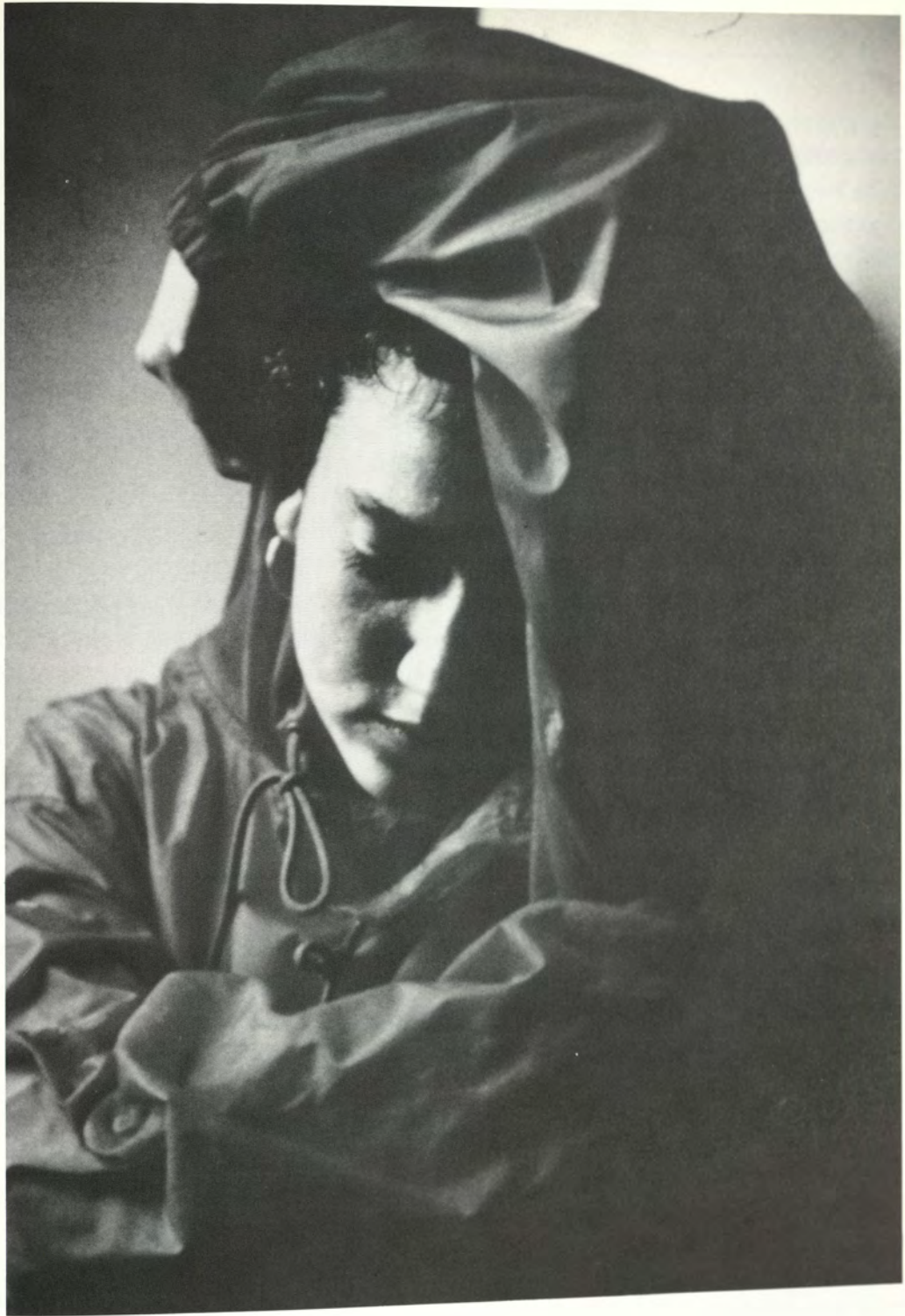
State of Being
Leland
Gelatin-Silver Print



Untitled
Brad White
Gelatin-Silver Print



Untitled
Alexis Parrish
Cibachrome



Solitude
Ken Bell
Cibachrome

It was one of those warm, dusky nights, the kind that only seem to come every day during summer. As Vinegrette gazed into the azure, darkening sky, which at the same time became illuminated with tiny pinpoints of light that look like the stars of the summer sky, the sun seemed to set before her eyes, as the moon became a magical weightless object, the owner of the night sky, as it grew more shimmering and ethereal. Entranced by this spectacle of nature, she stood speechless — her mouth open in a signal of eternal awe, her eyes focused only on the glorious rhythm of nature that the trivial troubles of life usually deprived her of the pleasure of noticing.

"Vinegrette, my sweet." A low, quaking voice said to her. Could it be true? Surely she was just hearing voices. Her hopeless despair was causing her mind to imagine the source of her woes had come back to her — that she would have a life again to live, to enjoy, in which to love.

"Vinegrette, it's me. Surely you cannot have forgotten me. It is I, Chartreuse, your love, your joy, your only lover, your only reason to be alive."

Surely she was hallucinating. This could not be true. She was definitely losing her mind. It was only until she felt a slimy, greasy hand clasp her from behind that she began to feel a candle of hope being rekindled inside of her. But who? A sick, perverted stranger, pretending to be her lost love, the handsome and dashing Lord Chartreuse Lippenbalm.

But a fire of joy was about to be ignited deep in her entrails. She could not bear to turn around, for fear that this seductive presence belonged only to some hateful impersonator.

"Oh, Chartreuse! Surely it cannot be?"

"Yes, it is I. I have come from the ends of the earth to see you again, my dearest, as I always promised I would."

"But they told me that, as you went to Africa to recover my family's stolen treasure for me — that I, only a mere female, fragile and delicate and in love, could not get myself — you had just fought an entire tribe of Suli warriors, only to be chased by a rabid, maniacal hippopotamus over a waterfall, where you had the good fortune to fall in piranha-filled waters instead of onto the rocks, only to wash ashore, and while signaling for help, was only run over by a truck which was meant to come to your rescue. They told me you were dead as a doornail. But how can you be here now if that is so?"

"All is true, my buttercup. But remember, my sweetest melon, that when I last saw you, I said that not even death could keep me from savoring the sweet vision of your electrifying beauty. I know that at the time you were so enraptured by your eternal, all-encompassing love for me and that the idea of never seeing me again would cause you so much despair your life would be meaningless and empty without me — I know that this made you deaf to my promises, but I meant every word I said. Turn around, my little firefly, and look at me. Witness for yourself that it is I, the handsome and dashing Lord Chartreuse Lippenbalm."

Vinegrette's breath quickened as she began to pant. Could it be true? She remembered his face — those warm, inviting hazel eyes, full of love and compassion, yet with a wisp of his love of danger, of exotic adventure. Oh, how she longed to see that face again! Could

that face belong to the man who stood behind her now? The voice was still the same, which comforted her. That soft, low, sensuous voice, which beckoned to her with every syllable, which made her feel as if she was melting and turned her into a hot potato every time.

"But I still cannot believe you. I could not bear to see that you are not who you say you are.

You were my sun, my stars, my moon, my planets, my black holes," Vinegrette emanated.

"I know," Chartreuse emanated in return. "But please, look around at me, and we can begin our love anew. Just turn around and look, my beloved, and see that it is I, come back from the dead so that we can live our life together as we always dreamed of."

Slowly, cautiously, carefully, Vinegrette finally found the courage to look behind her.

A quick gasp escaped her lips as she gazed behind her. It was indeed her lost love, whom she had grieved over in sorrow for so long. But he had been right, he looked as if he had truly come back from the dead. The gorgeous, enticing eyes were still his, but his skin, which once was a robust honey-brown, was blackened by the muddy earth in which his body had been buried. His hair, once so lusciously brown and thick, was now filled with moss and other living things which had made themselves at home in it. His nose and one of his ears was gone, but most astonishing of all were the tire tracks which ran down his still trim, athletic body.

"Oh, my Chartreuse!" were the only words she could say before fainting breathlessly into his arms. Unfortunately, his body was in a state of rigor mortise. As he caught her with his arms, they fell off, letting Vinegrette tumble unconsciously to the ballroom floor. She came to and within seconds, she was his bubbly, vivacious cupcake again.

"Please forgive me, my darling. I was just startled." she muttered, still shocked.

"I know, my nutrasweet. I admit I have changed slightly since we last met. But I am still your Chartreuse, the light of your life, your joy and happiness, the center of your world. And although in body I may not be the same, in spirit I am the same loving, kind, courageous, passionate man I always was. And I ask you now, as I did before, will you still pledge your life to me, as you did before, so that we can live together in eternal peace and happiness?"

"Oh! Of course I will! My darling Chartreuse, how could I ever live without you? Especially after you have come all the way from the dead for me. I must admit, you *have* changed and I never expected to be married to a corpse, but I know we can live together in peace and joy forever!" She ran to him and threw her arms around him.

And so, they talked for hours of their new life they would have together. They made plans for the home they would share, the adventures they would have together, and the children they would raise. They laughed together at what people would say about them. They were an odd couple, they jokingly admitted — a beautiful young maiden and a decaying cadaver — but everyone would understand as they saw the love they shared between them. As the sun rose the next morning, the servants watched in wonder as the two lovers, silhouetted against the morning dawn, engaged in the most passionate kiss ever seen in any tale of undying love before.

THE VICTIM

(Based on a true story)

Amanda Wedberg

He heard them, over there, across the room, and tears rolled down his face in the darkness. He heard her pleas, quiet and desperate, and he heard his roommate's voice, controlling and firm. He heard her fear, her pain, and the tears traveled across his cheeks in a steady flow.

He wondered if they knew he was awake. He wondered if his roommate even cared, if it had even crossed his mind. Then he wondered if the girl was hoping he was awake, was hoping he would turn on the light and stop the torture, was hoping he would say something and rescue her. The tears rolled down into his ears, but he didn't notice.

Who was she? He didn't even know who she was, who his roommate had over there, who was being hurt while he lay here in the darkness and tried not to cry out loud. He had actually been asleep when they came in, but now he was wide awake, staring with terror into the darkness at the ceiling above.

He heard her cry out, and it was instantly muffled and in his mind's eye he could see his roommate's hand clamp down across the girl's mouth, silencing the evidence. He squeezed his eyes shut, tight, and tried not to listen to his roommate's tense whisper.

What was her name? He wondered if his roommate even knew, if it had even crossed his mind to ask. Carefully, silently, he reached one hand up under the sheets and wiped his cheeks dry, then slid the hand back down to his side where it clenched into a fist in the darkness.

He felt her agony, her desperate wish to be anywhere but over there, across the room from him. He knew he was her one and only chance, the silent form in the bed across the room, and he knew he couldn't move. His roommate's hatred filled the room, the girl whimpered again, and he felt a fresh flood of tears began their journey across his face.

Frantic, wanting to end the torture but afraid to make himself the target, he rolled over in bed. The sheets rustled, the springs creaked, and the headboard bumped against the wall. When it was silent again, he felt the stillness emanating from across the room and he peered out through the slits in his eyes.

Panic mounted in his terrified mind as he saw a form rise from the bed against the other wall. It rose halfway and didn't move, and he tried not to breathe. An eter-

nity passed and his lungs tightened. Finally, slowly, the figure moved back down on the bed and he knew the girl was crying.

His roommate's hissing whispers filled the room and echoed through his ears and suddenly he couldn't take it anymore and he coughed, loudly, over and over and over again until his throat was dry and it hurt to cough any more. A force stronger than he was pushed him up until he was sitting upright in bed, coughing his dry cough louder and louder, and then standing up and moving across the room toward the bathroom, still coughing, opening the bathroom door and turning on the light and coughing again, turning to close the door and seeing the girl's face in the light from the door and all of a sudden not coughing any more.

The three of them stared at each other in the light and the dark and the awful silence. He saw the girl's face wet with tears and desperation and hope, and an unconscious hand reached up and brushed the tears off his own face. Her eyelashes were wet and her makeup smeared, but she was beautiful and appalling in the same instant. He had let this happen to her.

Then he looked at his roommate's face and saw the hardened determination and hatred in his eyes. Those terrible eyes watched him with a glare so powerful that something almost weakened inside him and he had to concentrate hard on standing up. His roommate seemed to be saying Go on, go in the bathroom and close the door. Go on and let me finish what I have started.

But he couldn't do that. After lying scared in the darkness for so long, he couldn't be scared anymore. The fear in him was gone, and it was replaced by something new and different that he didn't recognize for a moment. Until he realized he was moving toward his roommate with his fist clenched and his heart blind to any more pain, and then he recognized it.

His fist swung in an arc in the darkness and he felt the shock in his roommate's chin at the glorious connection. Then, with an emotion stronger than any he had ever experienced, he hauled off and hit his roommate again and again until his roommate was lying on the floor whimpering with the same whimper that he had heard from the girl a short while before.

The girl. He turned to look at her, almost fearfully, and realized she had fainted. He stood still in the silent room for a second, listening to the sound of his own heavy breathing, feeling victorious. Then, very gently, he pulled a blanket off his bed and carried it over to the girl. He carefully spread it over her, then went into the bathroom and closed the door.

He didn't want her to hear him cry.



Legs
Ken Bell
Gelatin-Silver Print



House
Carrie Rossicky
Ceramic



Untitled
Carolyn Duffy
Lino-Cut



Untitled
Alexis Parrish
Cibachrome

Credits

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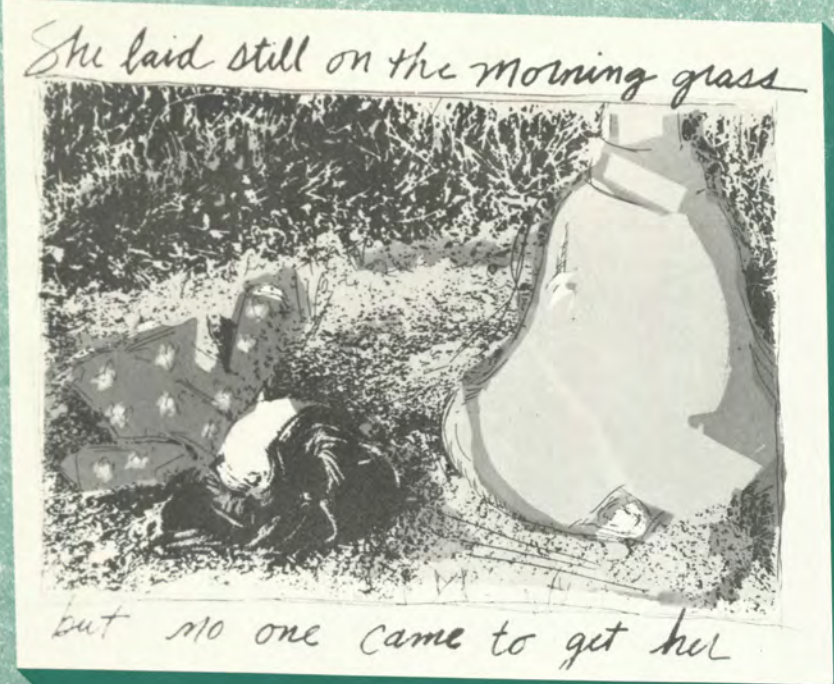
Advisors

Art Adviser Alan Tschudi
Literary Advisor Peter Hager

We would like to thank all the staff members who helped make this publication possible.



CH



An Wine
"No One Came to Get Her"
Silkscreen/Lithograph
12" x 14"



Jeff Stockberger
"Monument"
Oil
64" x 46"



Mary Beth Schneider
"Untitled"
Lithograph
18" x 24"

R



Tim Crean
"Untitled"
Lithograph
18" x 12"



Rod Saucullo
"Apriori"
Silverprint
6" x 5"



Parola Krause
"Untitled"
Mixed Media
18" x 12"

S

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Laurel Sisson
"Untitled"
Relief Print
9" x 17"



Richard Chartier
"Untitled"
Guache and Photocopy
8" x 8"



Lisa Jenkins
"Untitled"
Photograph
8" x 10"

Editor-in-chief: Laurel Sisson Art Editor: Sherry Richardson Literary Editor: Lisa Harlan
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Printed by Good Printers

1

i'm struggling to move forward
on the slippery ground of wet leaves
vague muffled words wail through the walls
i recognize the teenage tune you used to sing to me.

sentimental thoughts raise the dead
that i wasn't strong enough to bury right.
your ghost flickers before me.
i am afraid to breathe lest i blow your spark out.

how pretty you were that season-
clashing and sulking object of parental hatred.
i, hypnotized, searched out your eyes
under golden-red locks like a crown of Autumn leaves
breathing in the smoke from your cigarettes.

i must exhale you in a cold, smoky breath
your ashes choke me now
bare branches scratch my face as i race
ahead
with a prayer that you may rest.

--Jennifer Cruse

Let me tell you a secret.
I've got a spare heart.

It doesn't
get snagged easily
like my other one.
It's smooth, and round
and slippery
but never cold.
And portable. I guess-
'cause sometimes
I find it in the strangest
places- like
in my soup or
purring on my bed
on a cold day. Or,
on a quiet
Sunday when my
Heart #1
feels like a clay pot.
I cup it between my hands
and let its palpitations
waft up in little
java valentines.

--Kim Furst

The Nude?

You almost had to say it was a classy picture
Even if you weren't into
That type of thing.
Not like those artsy photos in
Penthouse or
Playboy
Of made up girls
Exposing themselves.

It was . . .
It was of a woman
Sitting in a chair
Nude.
Not at all the female fatale
That men pant about
In the street.
She was too natural, too confident
To assume that title.

She was sitting
Legs slightly spread
With her elbows resting
On her knees.
She leaned forward
Almost out of her
Restraint
To look at you
Looking at her.

After I saw the photograph
I was trying to describe it
For someone else.
You know, I forgot to tell her
The woman was nude.

--Michele Fox

9

"Convo at the Cash Register"

Do you think that woman likes camouflage
At least 40 wearing a camouflage
jacket
No, she doesn't want me to see her.
God, she's even got a camouflage van.
(in the grey parking lot)
Oh, she's one of those 'Nam burnouts,
But she looks young ...
Maybe her brother's a P.O.W ...

Camouflage lady comes up to pay and says,
Do they ever give it a rest over there?
(She points to protesters at the abortion clinic
across the street, and I notice
she has a pretty smile-not camouflaged)
I think it's housewives now, protesting
Until 2:30 then pick up the kids from school.
(She laughs-it really is a pretty smile)
They should just get jobs, she says.
She's in thought while I hand her change.

'Spoused to see the sun today.
(oh, but your smile was)
That'll be nice.

--John Dunn

How it Happened

The fish were swimming,
behind us I could hear them
crashing into each other
like flashing metal striking
in the water and the fish
were turning bright stomachs
upwards, with their biting
jaws that clasped onto the sun
and light streamed over their
backs, skidding on the blurring
colors and you, you made my
eyes water like a storm when
your beauty flew at me with
a new brilliance and landed
firmly in my open hands.

--Angie Blake

MORNING

The sun came today in a veil of bloodsweat. Its boiling
stare, stagnant and corrupting, falls on our earth. The heat is
contagious . . . the dead are fortunate. Heat waves arrive to
blister and distort the air that hangs like a dead man over aeons
dead asphalt. The angry eye of the sun; if looks could kill . . .
the sun came today.

--Lance Lumar

Briefly

And more loudly today the door closed behind you;
Beside the bedroom window I feel
the glass pane tremble
as your engine
snap-starts
and the pummel of your tires
running over the tracks
as you head to the stop sign at the corner.

In the night you traced warmth over my cheeks
with the brush of soft fingers
and used gentle strokes to slide back my hair
as you moved inside my arms.

It is morning.
At the next light
your head will turn momentarily toward
the sharp red bricks of the apartment at the corner,
your fingers curling
tight around the wheel
as your eyes dance instinctively
around her window frame, searching for shadows inside

while I keep my cheek against the pillow, just over
where your face had been turned
to mine,
and I absorb the last moments of your warmth
as it, and you, fade.

--Maren Chumley

1

THEY SAY I'M HAPPY

They say that curiosity killed the cat,
but I have a big, slobbering, adorable dog.
Still, he's got a nasty head wound.
But he's alive, cute and I love him anyway.

They say that money is the root of all evil.
Well, I may be pretty poor, but at least I'm bad-natured .
Still, I don't think Satan would be too impressed.
But I won't complain; other problems await.

They say that patience is a virtue,
so I'm here, waiting for a new morality.
Still, this one's alright if you have a decade or two to spare.
Because when the next bus to heaven comes along,
I will have already hitchhiked there.

They say that laughter is the best medicine.
Unfortunately I can't comment...
I'm laughing too hard.

--Aaron Pasternack